

ISIS

TIME
TRAVEL

TO
AN AGE
WHEN WOMEN
RULED THE WORLD

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Madrianism is a religious sect which worships a female God. A group in Oxford claims to be able to regress through time to an age when women were dominant.

Q. Are souls both female and male?

A. No, all spiritual creatures are female, for maleness is a thing of the material world.

Q. Do male creatures have souls?

A. Yes, male creatures have female souls.

So runs the catechism of Madrianism.

I talked to Angelina and Chrysothemis, members of this religious order, at their flat in 40 St John St. They are just two of the growing number of people who worship the Goddess.

Madrianism is a secret religion. Small groups meet at private houses in England and France and it has recently reached America and Australia too.

Angelina, a member of the Oxford order said that the secrecy involved made it difficult to estimate accurately, but she would guess that there are a few thousand Madrians practising today. She and Chrysothemis were first introduced to a group by a friend of

theirs in the Women's Movement.

Madrians often prefer to live in small secluded communities such as the those in Wales and Cumbria and Angelina and Chrysothemis are among the first of their order to break away from the secrecy and establish open groups. They have even advertised their Booklet, in magazines like *The Leveller*. "We believe that our religion is strong enough to defend itself against attacks", Angelina said stoutly.

Their Scriptures are of mysterious origin, but appear to be the words of the Goddess, who "spoke to some women in a revelation just before the First World War". There are eleven major festivals in the Madrian year, when sacrifices of honey cake are made to the Goddess and members participate in a Christian style Communion.

"God has been worshipped for at least 30,000 years", they told me,

"And for 25,000 of them, she has been worshipped as female". This was news to be, but apparently, before the present brief interlude of patriarchy, women ruled the world in benevolent matriarchal societies. These societies were not corrupted by the masculine principle of materialism, but were based in the female principle of spirituality and so they worshipped the Goddess and danced to the harmony of the spheres. As soon as the divinity began to be conceived as male, this harmony was lost and so we degenerated into our materialistic male-dominated civilisation. Angelina showed me a time chart. It was in the form of a tube: a long clear patch indicating the period of matriarchal dominion, and then a black quarter inch of materialistic sludge at the bottom, labelled 'The Present'.

She told me that I have lived about three thousand different lives in these matriarchal societies. What is more, I could, by using 'the Moira technique', project myself back into the past and view my various existences at leisure.

Angelina and Chrysothemis were very ready to help me in my 'projection back'. I had to lie on the floor of their room while Chrysothemis massaged my ankles and Angelina sat at my head and said, "Just relax". There was a smell of joss-sticks, and the Brandenburg Concert played softly in the background. On the mantelpiece stood two purple candles, and between them a little gold and blue statue of the Goddess, the only signs of anything out of the ordinary in an otherwise conventional Oxford House.

Angelina began, "Madria Moira, who have led this soul through many lives by the grace of our Lady, unlock for her the gates of time and bring her to spiritual wisdom." I felt an appalling urge to giggle but suppressed it. Angelina traced a figure on my forehead - the mystic Pentacle - and then massaged round and round above my eyebrows. After two or three minutes of this, I had to imagine that I was expanding out of my body like a balloon.

"Now shoot thousands of feet into the air", said Angelina, "Feel the centuries and millenias falling away". I was determined not to be sceptical, and tried to suspend my disbelief.

"What do you see?"

My mind was a blank, but I didn't want to hurt their feelings.

"White mist". I suggested cautiously.

"Are you about to land?"

"Am I?"

"Well, try to come into land".

For the life of me I couldn't honestly say I was coming into land.

"Nothing".

"Well" - coward that I am - "Perhaps



The Madrian projection technique: a trance through time.

some grass”.

“Ah! And what do your surroundings look like?”

“Yellow flowers”, I said glibly, “And maybe some sheep”.

“Can you see anything else?”

“No”

“Isn’t there a city?”

“No”. Pregnant pause. “Well, maybe a little one”.

“What does it look like?”

“I’m saying whatever comes into my head. Does that matter?”

“No”, she said, “Carry on”.

So I carried on in a disgruntled sort of doze. Half remembering pictures of the Old Testament villages in back copies of *Look and Learn*, I speculated “It looks like a collection of shoe-boxes. Flat rooves and staircases. Hens inside”.

“Are there any people?”

“No. Only hens”.

“Why?”

“They’ve all gone away. Out into the hills”.

“Why?”

“I’m sure I don’t know”.

“Where are you? Are you male or female?”

“I’m sitting on a hill with the sheep. I’m a shepherd boy. Twelve years old. I live in a hut”. I said, warming to my theme.

She told me to describe myself later in life. Had I moved to the city? Was I still alone?

I stopped waiting for any sort of spirit or impulse to work through me, and just let myself say what ever came

into my head. The shepherd boy travelled through an amazing random life. He turned into a dark bearded morose man who carved wooden beads and brooded over the lack of money in the city.

“Does he move away?”

“Yes, I said, “Where there’s money to be made. To the North”.

“Visualise his new dwelling house”.

“An igloo”, I said immediately. “A square igloo, and bright green sea around”.

“What does he do?”

“Hunts polar bears”.

“Can you move forward now to his



Now from the time when the Daughter of Heaven had passed through the first gate of Hell, a barrenness had fallen on the earth; and neither bird had sung nor any flower showed its beauty forth; nor was there joy in any heart. But when the Maid was slain upon the pillar of the world, an awful darkness fell on all the earth. From *‘The Mythos of the Divine Maid’*.

death?”

I wondered how I should kill off a morose shepherd who had suddenly been transported from the Middle East to Greenland. Frostbite? A savage walrus? In the end I settled on an avalanche.

“So now you’re dead”, said Angelina “What do you see?”

“A heap of snow with a body in it”. I said. And that was that

I opened my eyes and everything was just the same. “The first time is often a failure”, said Angelina soothingly. I felt gross and materialistic. Chrysothemis had managed to break through the time barriers without trouble when she was on a projection. I had read the booklet containing descriptions of other people who had had projections. These travels in time all seemed to have been far more successful than my own. “Celia” had found herself as an Amazon in the lull of battle, and commented on the tiny male contingent in the army of women, “I’ve got about a dozen in my section. They form a little section of their own, and they’re really quite good. I threw out one or two who weren’t, and they need a firm hand, but I’m really very proud of them”. In another projection, all the men bowed to her when she passed in the street. “Someone else reported, “Sometimes I see the spirits of the trees and of the waterfalls.”

None of them saw an igloo.

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